



THE

HORNET

BCC'S *student news journal*



ISSUE #7

Broome Community College

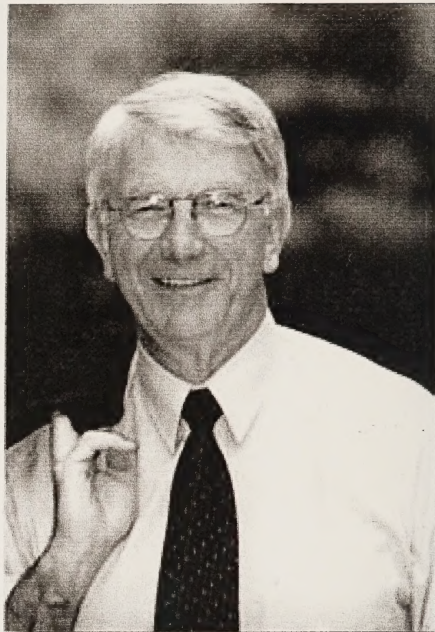
President Dellow Announces Retirement

Dr. Donald A. Dellow, President of Broome Community College, announced his retirement from the position he has held for fifteen years. Dellow's decision to leave his position in late July and accept a teaching assignment this fall at the University of South Florida in Tampa was announced last night to members of the college's Board of Trustees. Dr. Dellow will be teaching in the graduate program for community college leadership at USF.

Board President Nicholas Serafini said that Dellow would be "...a tough act to follow. Don is a superb president who has led the college through many challenging years, and successfully orchestrated a variety of projects. Under his administration, the college gained greater management autonomy from the County, built the Decker Center, the Ice Center and rebuilt Titchener Hall. He endured the enrollment drop of the mid-1990s without any staff layoffs and is now managing an era of enrollment growth despite fiscal restraints. All of us on the Board, and in the community, wish him well, but we will also miss him very much."

President Dellow said that his decision to leave BCC was a difficult one. "I have made life long friends during my time at Broome, leaving is not going to be easy. However, I have had many great years as a college president, and now its time to give back. In my new job as a college professor, I want to help a new generation of administrators understand the great challenges and great opportunities involved in running community colleges today."

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When this sign was installed in 2002 on the newly built Alumni Field, it was a chance for alumni to show their appreciation to the college with their financial support. Giving money is one way alumni can be a part of the BCC campus after they graduate, but that's not the only way. Whether they choose to return to share their job experiences with a class, coordinate a reunion of their classmates, plant a memorial tree or give an annual gift, the campus is enriched because of the influence of the 35,000 BCC alumni, many of whom make it a habit to give back. For more ideas, check out the link on BCC Today: 30 Things Alumni Can Do for Their Alma Mater.



Reclaim

Life has not been cordial,
I sustained a heavy toll;
So I thought I'd take a journey,
To take back all it stole.

Gone my birthright treasure,
Bestowed most every child;
At some point I was swindled,
Abducted was my smile.

I thought I had misplaced it,
Like people often do;
Their wallet or their purses,
A timepiece or a shoe.

I scampered deep inside me,
But my smile I failed to find;
After years of pointless searching,
I suspected Life unkind.

It may not be in just one place,
What if dismembered over time?
If that's the case, an impossible trace;
Without He who is Divine.

So I fell upon my hands and knees,
For I knew no better source;
But God said it wasn't safely kept,
That smile I had; I lost;
Regarding my claim,
Life is to blame;
He could not this endorse.

*"I'll give parental guidance,
As your Father, I'm proud to do;
But the real investigative work,
Is SOULY up to you.*

*Lost smiles I often come upon,
At points where two roads cross;
Take better care, you'll find yours there:
But retrace you must your course."*

So I started on my journey,
To God and self, affirmed;
"I will not rest, in my quest,
Till all retrieved: Confirmed!"

No, there is no cap to the price I'll pay,
No limit to the cost;
I will find, that joy of mine:
I will reclaim the smile I lost.

- James Robert Luke Cole.

- Illustration by Recina Burton.

Answers

The immobile, immense mountains
Bare the truth, I know
Those mountains state it all,
Uncovered do they recline up yonder-
Steadfast, from the dawn of time.

The glistening, ebony hawk towering overheard
Sovereign- flying unshackled
It chants the antiphone.

Secluded within the chapel
I gaze throughout -
I mutter orison of which I educe,
Time has become brittle-
The answer must be here too.

- Peter D. Hopkins

P O E T I C C O R N E R

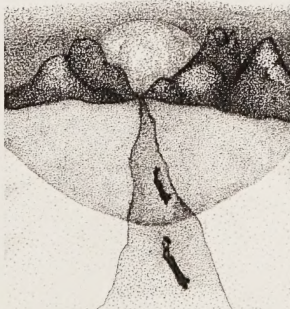
In the midst of war

In the midst of war
She was touched by light,
And reasoned to herself that it would all end soon.

For some time now
These conflicts within have seemed
Adjacent to her heart; her home.
Therefore, she cogitate on replenishing her life,
For that war did exist internally -
She did not fully understand how sacred her body was to her.
She knew not what spiritual essence she possesses within.

To her journal,
She'd speak her sorrows,
At night she'd cry alone...
But that young as blessed queen of the earth
Did find her light one day,
And we prayed together in absolute joy
Till the light of morning shone in.

- Peter D. Hopkins



In the “City of Brotherly Love”

In the “City of Brotherly Love,” on a cool September morning, a child was born, a baby boy with eyes as blue as the sky. Excitement filled the hearts of family and friends, and the glorious news spread throughout the country. This child was not a GOD or prophet. This child would not sing and dance or give great speeches, for he was only a baby who cooed and cried and suckled on his toes and fingers.

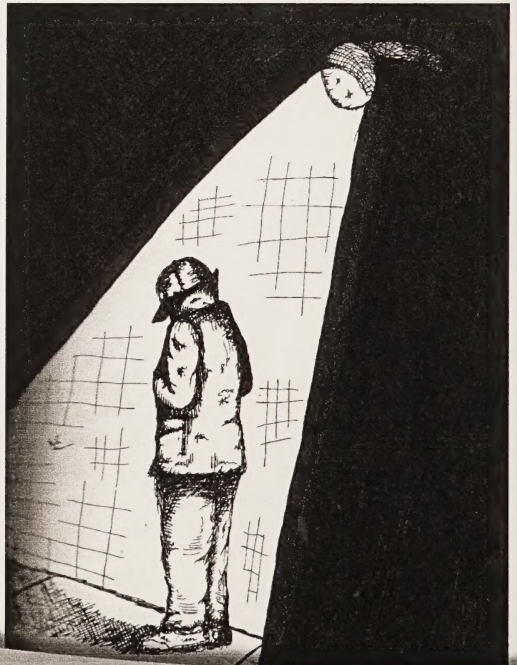
However, this child had a great gift, an un-conscious talent of being able to unite relatives, near and far, with just his presence. With each of his visits, a celebration, fit for a king, was prepared. Tidings were bestowed upon this baby and his fans would laugh and giggle over his tiny baby features. Unfortunately, his visits would only last a couple of days, and those days were JUST once a year.

Days turned into months, and months into years, and this baby grew into a normal mischievous boy. Curiously, the anticipation of his future was always a topic of conversation. Was he to be a great athlete or a doctor who saved lives? Maybe a scientist, who would discover a cure for a fatal disease, but only time could tell, and he had his whole life, in front of him. Not realizing that puberty creates a little boy into a young man, he began to suffer from buried emotional pain that smothered him, suffocated him, and strangled his spirit. Some say his pain began many years ago, when his mother and father divorced. Others proclaim outside influences seized his five senses, and he could no longer function without drug activity. Though one theory IS true, he was frightened, confused, and betrayed by his loved ones. His genius intellect BUT inexperienced existence could not allow him to separate fantasy from reality in order to participate in this game called “Life.” His world became a series of disappointments, failures and fiascos.

He struggled to survive emotionally, but unexpected turn of events would always push him down again. At the age of 17, and without warning, a dark day arrived. The day he HAD to say goodbye to his caretaker: to the man who fed him, clothed him, and gave him a home. This caretaker was his father, and he died with no truce between him and his son. This boy buried his father with a 21-gun salute, and the fanfare of grief and mourning. What took place during the next year, could be described as disillusionment. Because of the anguish he felt inside, he no longer was able to unite people together. No longer were his eyes as blue as the sky. He was hurt and lost and could no longer recognize reality. He felt no sense of belonging to anyone or anything. He continued to disappoint his loved ones with mistake after mistake and poorly thought out decisions.

On a cool September evening, he made his last decision. The night air was chilly, the moon lit up the darkness, but there were no stars in the sky. He did not say goodbye or “see you later.” He was alone and feeling hopeless. He took one last breath and blew out the last of his potential. His body went numb and dangled, limp and motionless. The story I just told was not make believe OR fictional. This boy was real. His life was real. He lived, breathed, and was the center of many worlds. He did bring happiness and love to all who knew him. I knew this person. I did not admire him from afar, but from up close. I touched him and talked with him, hugged him and loved him. This baby boy, who was born almost 20 years ago, was my nephew. With his birth, he made me Aunt Cathy at the age of 12, and I bragged about him, announced his visits, and hung his picture on my wall. I had to say goodbye to him on a September day, the day we buried him. Today he lays in peace in the city where he was born, “The City of Brotherly Love,” who permanently possess the body of a baby boy... Ernest Alexander Anthony the III

~ Cathy L. (Carr) Hanna



Among the Narcotic Users:

My Uncle and how he changed the way I make Moral Decisions

A discussion in one of my classes this semester touched upon a subject concerning a person who finds happiness by using narcotics. This issue struck home because I have an uncle who is addicted to heroin and has impacted my philosophical outlook on those who use such narcotics. In fact, I attended a few of the Narcotics Anonymous meetings with my uncle. These meetings changed my outlook tremendously and forced me to consider another angle. I wish to give you a description of my experience.

I recall the time my uncle, a small but well-spoken man, asked me to join him at one of his Narcotics Anonymous meetings. I can still remember the first time I saw my uncle using drugs. In some ways, I felt that I would be out of place if I went, but to a certain extent, I wanted to be there. For me, going was a chance to enhance my knowledge of the process that one who is chemically dependent goes through. For moral support and my own curiosity, I went. I was in for a serious surprise.

As we arrived, I glanced over the surroundings. A petite, coffee-skinned woman stood slanted over towards the coarse brick of what seemed to be a discarded building. I made no assumption as to presume why she rested upon this building in that manner, but for some reason she looked extremely familiar. I then became conscious of who she was. Mrs. Jones, my grammar school teacher, made an effort to elevate her head. Perhaps panic came over me, but I swiftly turned my head in the opposite direction. She then staggered into the elusive structure. As I departed from the car, I wondered if in fact she saw me. I considered the awkwardness of our encounter.

My foot just upon the first step, I noticed a small group of people engaging in what seemed to be a debate of some sort. One gentleman argued the importance of the African American place in society. The very scene instantaneously broadened my outlook and gave me a sense of reassurance. If at that point if I felt any regret, it was alleviated. I became even more attentive and open minded.

After climbing the flight of steps, we entered a small, isolated room. What I first noticed were these immense signs. With the exception of the signs and quite a few foldout chairs, the room seemed somewhat ominous. I began to fix my eyes upon the signs. A couple of the signs displayed common messages as, "Love thy neighbor," and "Respect comes as it goes." Though simplistic, I felt they were profound. It seemed as if they belonged there. Some of the signs touched upon biblical verse. One that stood out read, "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice that it may depart from me. And he said unto me, my grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in my infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong." I took in mind the profundity of such verse. I refused to believe that they could ever go unobserved. As to insult God himself, a person having absolutely no sense of ethics would be drawn in by their directness. The words were as classical music, playing upon my soul-stroking the keys of my life. Momentarily, I was paralyzed. The light of God touched me.

A few moments went by as many gathered in the room. With each new arrival, there was an array of warm welcoming. I noticed a few uncertain faces, perhaps those of other newcomers. I thought it strange, but not one person treated me with any sort of insolence. I was introduced to many people who welcomed me with extremely powerful, intimate sincerity. This lasted throughout the time I was there.

There were roughly about thirty of us in all who occupied the room. I sat anxiously, as a student yearning to be fed some knowledge of the world. I gazed to and fro across the room at the sight of everyone with their heads down, eyes closed. Just as I began to pray, someone stood. She looked over the room, smiled, and sharply spoke the words, "Hello, and welcome." And everyone answered, "Hello."

The woman told us her name. "I am Karen. I am a recovering drug abuser. I am married and I have two children who I love and wish to grow old with." She spoke of the loss and gains of her habit. Of her children, she recalled times when she was not sure how to

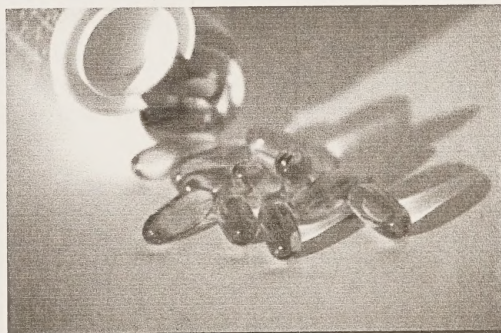
love them properly. Her tone echoed through the room as she spoke of dedication to change. I sat admiring, taking in every word that she spoke. She also spoke with an unbiased tongue of others who had come to her in search of change. What was overwhelming was the sense of closeness I gathered from everyone there. It was, in a sense, a true family. Not one judgmental word came from anyone. We all listened with open eyes and ears, and with our hearts. One word that I felt and heard mostly throughout the meeting was "love." Love and support showed in everyone's voices, hand gestures, and actions. Indeed, it was a strong force, and I was fortunate to become a part of it. I could not contain the ecstatic emotions I felt; my eyes became flushed with feelings and my soul was filled with light.

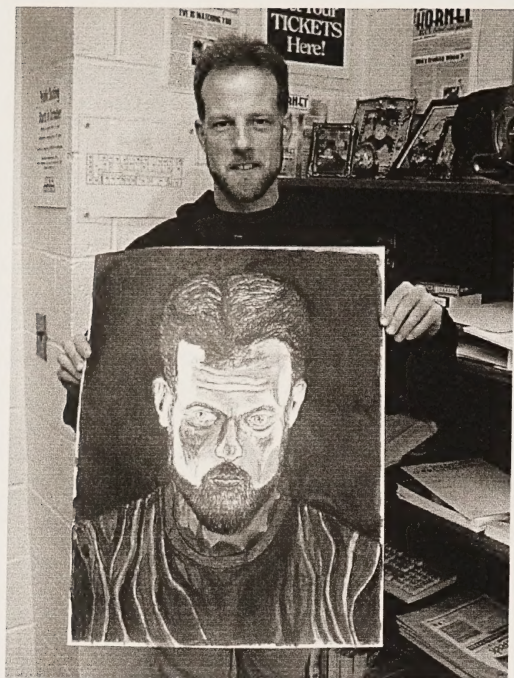
The meeting closed with each of us gathered together, physically, and spiritually. Every voice rung loudly as we held hands and spoke the Psalms of, "The Lord is my Shepherd." Everyone hugged one another, laughed, talked, or consoled someone. The meeting ended leaving me with an intense understanding of myself.

I continued to attend the gatherings for about 3 months or so, each meeting gaining more of an education in the science of self-exploration, self-commitment, and self-love. As each meeting went on, I understood my brothers and sisters in their pain, their trials and tribulations, and their triumphs. I became a brother, not a visitor. The meetings were open to all. We heard each other's secrets, fears, likes, and dislikes; we were as one. We were conquerors of our fears and our lives.

I became part of that mold that contained within its structure strength that could withstand eternity. It was our culture, and its primary values are of respect for one another, support, understanding, and foremost, love. I shall long hold my times as the "addict." I was not judged, nor was I shunned, I was treated with the utmost respect and loved as if I had been there with them all of my life. This discovery is to me a chief example of what our culture should be. And, it is an illustration of human nature's ability to strive for truthness.

Pete D. Hopkins





THE FUTURE OF ART

Interviews

with BCC art students

Jeff Zuhone is a 2nd semester art student. He plans on transferring after he graduates BCC and go on to get his Masters in Fine Arts. He is pretty sure at this point that he would like to be a college art professor. Right now he is a full-time student who works part-time.

His favorite medium to use is the conte crayon. His favorite piece of art is a painting, but he was reluctant to bring that back to school for fear of damage. He has already promised it to the student art show in May. So he is letting us photograph him with his second favorite creation, a self-portrait. This particular piece was created in Prof. Nancy Ryan's Advanced drawing class this semester.

Stephanie Decker is in her 2nd semester at Broome. She is a full-time student who plans to transfer to a 4-year college, though she is not sure where. After she graduates, she would like to do something with graphic design.

Her favorite medium in art, so far is charcoal. In fact, her favorite art piece is copy of a masterpiece she did in Prof. Wayne Claypatch's basic drawing class last semester. It is a copy of a figurative drawing by Van Gogh, whose title she has forgotten.

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- In addition, your membership fee supports important programs to the students and campus, including regular scholarships, campus projects and alumni programs and events.

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Confessions of a Pothead

Let's see, I've been smoking pot for 27 years now, daily most years. I consider myself to be a law-abiding citizen in most regards and have justified my blatant disregard for marijuana legislation with a "we are right, they are misinformed" attitude.

However, I no longer view my life in terms of "we and they." I believe together we are creating the human experience. This means I am the guy

serving time in an American prison for possession of a couple of joints, the senator doing breakfast bong, the hippie supplying the band. Also, I am the young DEA agent viewing marijuana as the enemy, the mom frightened for her child, the judge holding a life in his hands.

We each make choices moment by moment that determine our individual and communal reality. As it has been my experience that many of us choose to smoke, at first I ask: How can it be that this is still illegal? Perhaps the majority of Americans do not smoke marijuana, but many may not object to my doing so. Others could be convinced I should have the right to choose if I were to say, "You seemed unaware I do this everyday, yet you have known me well. What will change?" So there's the problem.

I know my choices are contributing to the energy that would allow someone to be punished unfairly or cause another to lie by omission. I mean, maybe there is a stoned senator voting against the use of medical marijuana in his state, but I can relate. I don't want to tell Dad.

BY: Patti Charles

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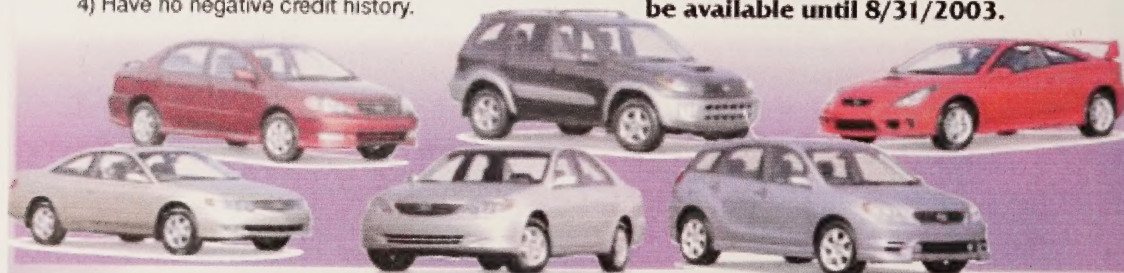
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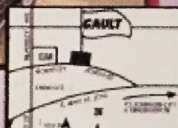
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